

Chap. 6

1817. GEORGE YOUNG

George Young, second son of William Young, a plaster, was born at the home of his father, but at that time which was occupied the home where George C. Young now lives, and the head of Stacy Street.

As a younger man he was a rambler - full of fun and jokes. Some time in the early part he attended a meeting held by Rev. E. G. Janssen at Old Berlin, and was converted. Soon after he united with the I. P. Church, and ever long became a minister in his church, took regular work and followed his calling for some years.

During his ministry he fell sick in the northern part of Brewster County, among strangers and very little money. It so happened that J. C. Day who was on his return from Pennsylvania, after having disposed of a lot of cattle, and by accident came across him and treated him good Samaritan style, left with him some money to take care of him and leaving his address directed his caretakers to call on him for more if necessary. As time elapsed Mr. Young improved and was brought home by his brother George Young and soon regained his health.

After the close of the great Civil struggle in America, both Mr. Young and J. C. Day took very prominent parts, and for a time were bitter enemies. Mr. Young bought and presented to Mr. Day a fine quarto Bible in which he placed a remembrance of the kind act of Mr. Day in the years gone by. This was appreciated and indicates the fact that time and circumstances is a great healer of dissensions.

Mr. Young was a very prominent and energetic actor in the work of organizing the new State of West Virginia, and had it not been for his activity in the matter, it is altogether likely that our county (Pocahontas) would yet have been part of Virginia.

In 1860 he was a member of the State Senate and as a result of his efforts a charter and appropriation was obtained for a turn pipe road from Edroy to Sand Run in Webster county. He was actively the engineer in locating said road and secured

... to find a part of the ... by accident
 lead and silver mine somewhere in the depths of the forest, but failed to
 negotiate with the land owners for part in his find, he would not disclose its
 location, so the matter is still a secret. The writer saw and tested soon after
 it was discovered, and unless he was greatly deceived by Mr. Young, which was
 improbable under the relations then existing between us, the existence of the Ore
 deposit is no fake, but is lying there just as it has lain for a thousand years.

Mr. Young was a man of indomitable energy and with a great memory well
 cultivated, and in spite of difficulties, fought to accomplish his ends. He died
 late in the eighties at Weynesboro, Penn. Many reminiscant parts of his history
 might be recalled, but for the present let these suffice.

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